A

DIANA.

The praiſes of his Miſtres,

in certaine ſweete Sonnets.

By H. C.

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To his abſent Diana.

SEuer'd from ſweete Content, my liues ſole light;
Baniſht by ouer-weening wit from my deſire:
This poore acceptance onely I require,
That though my fault haue forc'd me from thy ſight,
Yet that thou wouldſt (my ſorrowes to requite)
Review theſe Sonnets, pictures of thy praiſe;
Wherein each woe thy wondrous worth doth raiſe,
Though firſt thy worth bereft me of delight.
See them forſaken: for I them forſooke,
Forſaken firſt of thee, next of my ſence;
And when thou deignſt on their blacke teares to looke,
Shed not one teare my teares to recompence:
But ioy in this (though Fates gainſt mee repine)
My verſe ſtill liues, to witnes thee diuine.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

THE eye (Gentlemen) is the Iudge of beautie, the eare of vtteraunce, the ſenſe of Art: theſe inſuing Sonnets, (ſonnes of no partiall Iudge, whoſe eies were acquainted with Beauties Riches, whoſe eares frequented to Angelicall ſounds, and ſenſe rauiſhed with excellent Science) are now by miſſortune left as Orphans: and craue deſertfull acceptance of your experienſt iudgements; in whom reſts what euer Beautie would grace, or Art adorne. Beeing left deſolate, they ſeeke entertainment: farther they will not, how euer you accept them; better they deſire not, but as you like to vſe them.

Sonetto primo.

REſolu'd to loue, vnworthie to obtaine,
I doo no fauor craue: but humble wiſe
to thee my ſighes in verſe I ſacrifiſe;
onely ſome pitie, and no helpe to gaine.
Heare then, and as my heart ſhall aye remaine
a patient obiect to thy lightning eies:
a patient eare bring thou to thundring cries;
feare not the cracke, when I the blow ſuſtaine.
So, as thine eye bred mine ambitious thought,
ſo ſhall thine eare make proud my voyce for ioy:
lo (Deare) what wonders great by thee are wrought,
when I but little fauours doo enioy.
The voyce is made the eare for to reioyce:
and your eare giueth pleaſure to my voyce.

Sonnetto ſecondo.

It maie be, Loue my death doth not pretend,
although he ſhootes at mee: but thinkes it fit
thus to bewitch thee for my benefit,
cauſing thy will to my wiſh condiſcend.
For witches which ſome murther doo intend,
doo make a picture, and doo ſhoote at it;
and in that part where they the picture hit,
the parties ſelfe doth languiſh to his end.
So Loue too weake by force thy hart to taint,
within my hart thy heauenly ſhape doth paint:
ſuffring therein his arrowes to abide,
onelie to th'end he might by witches art,
within my hart pierce through thy pictures ſide,
and through thy pictures ſide might wound my hart.

Blame

Sonnetto terzo.

Blame not my hart for flieng vp too hie,
ſith thou art cauſe that it this flight begunne;
for earthlie vapors drawne vp by the Sunne,
Comets begin, and night-ſunnes in the skie.
Mine humble hart, ſo with thy heauenlie eie
drawne vp aloft, all low deſires doth ſhunne:
raiſe then me vp, as thou my hart haſt done;
ſo during night, in heauen remaine maie I.
I ſaie againe, blame not my high deſire,
ſith of vs both the cauſe thereof depends:
In thee doth ſhine, in mee doth burne a fire,
fire drawes vp other, and it ſelfe aſcends.
Thine eie a fier, and ſo drawes vp my loue:
my loue a fier, and ſo aſcends aboue.

Sonnetto quattro.

The Sonne his iourney ending in the Weſt,
taking his lodging vp in *Thetis* bed:
though from our eyes his beames be baniſhed,
yet with his light th'*Antipodes* be bleſt.
Now when the Sunne time brings my Sunne to reſt,
(which mee too oft of reſt hath hindered)
and whiter skinne with white ſheete couered,
and ſofter cheeke doth on ſoft pillow reſt:
Then I (oh Sunne of Sunnes, and Light of Lights)
wiſh me with thoſe *Antipodes* to bee,
which ſee and feele thy beames and heate by nights.
Well, though the night both cold and darkſome is,
yet halfe the dayes delight the night graunts mee:
I feele my Sunnes heate, though his light I miſſe.

Flie

Sonnetto quinto.

The lowe deare Loue, thy Sunne doſt thou not ſee?
Take heed, doo not ſo neere his rayes aſpire:
leaſt (for thy pride, inflam'd with wreakfull ire)
it burne thy wings, as it hath burned mee.
Thou (haply) ſaiſt, thy wings immortall bee,
and ſo cannot conſumed be with fire:
the one is *Hope*, the other is *Deſire*,
and that the heauens beſtow'd them both on thee.
A Muſes words made thee with *Hope* to flye,
an Angels face *Deſier* hath begot,
thy ſelfe engendred by a Goddeſſe eye:
yet for all this, immortall thou art not.
Of heauenly eye though thou begotten art,
yet art thou borne but of a mortall hart.

Sonnetto ſeſto.

Vnciuill ſickneſſe, haſt thou no regard,
but doſt preſume my deareſt to moleſt?
and without leaue dar'ſt enter in that breſt,
whereto ſweete Loue approach yet neuer dar'd?
Spare thou her health, which my life hath not ſpar'd,
too bitter ſuch reuenge of my vnreſt:
although with wrongs my thought ſhe hath oppreſt,
my wrongs ſeeke not reuenge, they craue reward.
Ceaſe Sickneſſe, ceaſe in her then to remaine,
and come and welcome, harbour thou in mee:
whom Loue long ſince hath taught to ſuffer paine.
So ſhe which hath ſo oft my paine increaſt,
(Oh God, that I might ſo reuenged bee:)
by my more paine, might haue her paine releaſt.

Sonnetto ſettimo.

A frend of mine, pitieng my hopeleſſe loue,
hoping (by killing hope) my hope to ſlaie:
Let not (quoth hee) thy hope thy hart betraie,
impoſsible it is hir hart to moue.
But ſith reſolued loue cannot remoue,
as long as thy diuine perfections ſtaie:
thy Godhead then he ſought to take awaie.
Deare, ſeeke reuenge, and him a liar proue.
Gods onelie doo impoſsibilities,
Impoſsible (ſaith he) thy grace to gaine:
ſhow then the power of thy diuinities,
by graunting me thy fauor to obtaine.
So ſhall thy foe giue to himſelfe the lie:
a Goddeſſe thou ſhalt proue, and happie I.

Sonnetto ottauo.

If true loue might true loues reward obtaine,
dumbe wonder onely might ſpeake of my ioy:
but too much woorth hath made thee too much coy,
and told me long agoe, I ſighd in vaine.
Not then vaine hope of vndeſerued gaine
hath made me paint in verſes mine annoy:
but for thy pleaſure, that thou mightſt enioy
thy beauties ſight, in glaſſes of my paine.
See then thy ſelfe (though mee thou wilt not heare)
by looking on my verſe: for paine in verſe,
loue doth in paine, beautie in loue appeare.
So, if thou wouldſt my verſes meaning ſee,
expound them thus, when I my loue rehearſe;
None loues like him; that is, None faire like mee.

Thine

Sonnetto nono.

Thine eye the glaſſe where I behold my hart,
mine eye the window, through the which thine eye
may ſee my hart, and there thy ſelfe eſpye
in bloudie colours how thou painted art.
Thine eye the pyle is of a murdring dart,
mine eye the ſight thou tak'ſt thy leuell by
to hit my hart, and neuer ſhootes awry;
mine eye thus helpes thine eye to worke my ſmart.
Thine eye a fier is both in heate and light,
mine eye of teares a riuer doth become:
Oh that the water of mine eye had might
to quench the flames that from thine eyes doo come.
Or that the fier kindled by thine eye,
the flowing ſtreames of mine eyes could make drie.

Sonnetto decimo.

Ladie in beautie and in fauor rare,
of fauor (not of due) I fauor craue:
Nature to thee Beautie and Fauor gaue;
faire then thou art, and Fauor thou maiſt ſpare.
When on poore mee beſtow'd your fauors are,
leſſe Fauor in your face you ſhall not haue:
If fauor then a wounded ſoule may ſaue,
of murthers guilt (deare Ladie) then beware.
My loſſe of life a million fold were leſſe,
than the leaſt loſſe ſhould vnto you befall:
yet graunt this gift, which gift when I poſſeſſe,
both I haue life, and you no loſſe at all.
For by your Fauor onelie I doo liue:
and Fauour you may well both keepe and giue.

Mine

Sonnetto vndeci.

Mine eye with all the deadlie ſinnes is fraught,
1 Firſt *proud*, ſith it preſum'd to looke ſo hie:
a watchman being made, ſtood gazing by,
2 and *idle*, tooke no heede till I was caught:
3 And *enuious*, beares enuie that my thought
ſhould in his abſence be to her ſo nie:
to kill my hart, mine eie let in her eie,
4 and ſo conſent gaue to a *murther* wrought:
5 And *couetous*, it neuer would remooue
from her faire haire, gold ſo doth pleaſe his ſight:
6 *Vnchaſt*, a baud betweene my hart and loue:
7 a *glutton* eie; with teares drunke euerie night.
Theſe ſinnes procured haue a Goddeſſe ire:
wherefore my hart is damnd in Loues ſweete fire.

Sonnetto dodeci.

My *Reaſon* abſent, did mine eyes require
to watch and ward, and ſuch foes to deſcrie
as they ſhould neere my hart approching ſpie:
but traitor eies my harts death did conſpire,
(Corrupted with *Hopes* giftes) let in *Deſire*
to burne my hart: and ſought no remedie,
though ſtore of water were in either eie;
which well imploid, might well haue quencht the fire.
Reaſon returnd, *Loue* and *Fortune* made
Iudges, to iudge mine eies to puniſhment:
Fortune, ſith they by ſight my hart betraide,
from wiſhed ſight adiudgd them baniſhment:
Loue, ſith by fire murdred my hart was found,
adiudged them in teares for to be drownd,

Falſlie

Sonnetto tredeci.

Falſlie doth enuie of your praiſes blame
my tongue, my pen, my hart of flatterie:
becauſe I ſaid there was no ſunne but thee,
it calld my tongue the partiall trumpe of fame;
And ſaith my pen hath flattered thy name,
becauſe my pen did to my tongue agree;
and that my hart muſt needs a flattrer bee,
which taught both tongue and pen to ſay the ſame.
No, no, I flatter not, when thee I call
the ſunne, ſith that the ſunne was neuer ſuch:
but when the ſunne thee I compar'd withall,
doubtles the ſunne I flattered too much.
Witnes mine eies I ſaie the truth in this:
they haue ſeene thee, and know that ſo it is.

Sonnetto quaterdeci.

Wonder it is, and pitie iſt, that ſhee
in whom all beauties treaſure we may finde,
that may inrich the bodie and the minde,
towards the poore ſhould vſe no charitie.
My Loue is gone a begging vnto thee,
and if that Beautie had not been more kinde
than Pitie, long ere this he had been pinde:
but Beautie is content his food to bee.
Oh pitie haue, when ſuch poore Orphans beg;
Loue (naked boy) hath nothing on his backe:
and though he wanteth neither arme nor leg,
yet maym'd he is, ſith he his ſight doth lacke.
And yet (though blinde) he beautie can beholde:
and yet (though nak'd) he feeles more heat than colde.

Much

Sonnetto quindeci.

Much ſorrow in it ſelfe my loue doth moue,
more my diſpaire, to loue a hopeleſſe bliſſe:
my follie moſt, to loue whom ſure to miſſe;
oh helpe me but this laſt griefe to remoue.
All paines if you commaund, it ioy ſhall proue,
and wiſdome to ſeeke ioy: then ſay but this;
Becauſe my pleaſure in thy torment is,
I doo commaund thee without hope to loue.
So, when this thought my ſorrow ſhall augment,
that my owne follie did procure my paine:
then ſhall I ſay, to giue my ſelfe content,
obedience onely made me loue in vaine.
It was your will, and not my want of wit:
I haue the paine, beare you the blame of it.

Pitie

Sonnetto ſedeci.

Pitie refuſing my poore Loue to feed,
a begger ſtaru'd for want of helpe he lies,
and at your mouth (the doore of Beautie) cries,
that thence ſome almes of ſweete grants might proceed.
But as he waiteth for ſome almeſ-deed,
a cherrie tree before the doore he ſpies;
Oh deare (quoth he) two cherries may ſuffiſe,
two onely may ſaue life in this my need.
But beggers, can they naught but cherries eate?
Pardon my Loue, he is a Goddeſſe ſonne,
and neuer feedeth but on daintie meate,
els need he not to pine as he hath done:
For onely the ſweete frute of this ſweete tree,
can giue food to my Loue, and life to mee.

My

Sonnetto deciſette.

My Ladies preſence makes the Roſes red,
becauſe to ſee her lips, they bluſh for ſhame:
the Lillies leaues (for enuie) pale became,
and her white hands in them this enuie bred:
The Marigold the leaues abroad doth ſpred,
becauſe the ſunnes: and her power is the ſame:
the Violet of purple colour came,
di'd in the bloud ſhe made my hart to ſhed.
In briefe, all flowers from her their vertue take;
from her ſweete breath, their ſweet ſmells doo proceed;
the liuing heate which her eie beames doth make,
warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the ſeed:
The raine wherewith ſhe watereth the flowers,
falls from mine eyes, which ſhe diſſolues in ſhowers.

Sonnetto deciotto.

The Fouler hides (as cloſelie as he may)
the net, where caught the ſillie bird ſhould bee,
leaſt he the threatning priſon ſhould but ſee,
and ſo for feare be forc'd to flie away.
My Ladie ſo, the while ſhe doth aſſay
in curled knots faſt to entangle mee:
puts on her vayle, to th'end I ſhould not flee
the golden net, wherein I am a pray.
Alas (moſt ſweete) what need is of a net,
to catch a bird, that is alreadie tane?
Sith with your hand alone you maie it get.
for it deſires to flie into the ſame.
What neede ſuch art my thoughts then to intrap:
when (of themſelues) they flie into your lap.

Sonnetto decinoue.

When your perfections to my thoughts appeare,
they ſay among themſelues; O happie wee,
which euer ſhall ſo rare an obiect ſee:
but happie hart, if thoughts leſſe happie were,
For their delights haue coſt my hart full deare,
in whom of loue a thouſand cauſes bee,
and each cauſe breedes a thouſand loues in mee,
and each loue more than thouſand harts can beare.
How can my hart ſo manie loues then hold,
which yet (by heapes) encreaſe from day to day?
But like a ſhip that's ouer-charg'd with golde,
muſt either ſinke, or hurle the golde away.
But hurle not loue: thou canſt not feeble hart.
In thine owne blood, thou therefore drowned art.

Sonnetto vinti.

Sweete hand the ſweete, but cruell bowe thou art,
from whence at mee fiue yuorie arrowes flie:
ſo with fiue wounds at once I wounded lie,
bearing my breſt the print of euerie dart.
Saint *Fraunces* had the like, yet felt no ſmart;
where I in liuing torments neuer die:
His wounds were in his hands and feete, where I
all theſe fiue helpleſſe wounds feele in my hart.
Now (as Saint *Fraunces*) if a Saint am I,
the bowe that ſhot theſe ſhafts a relique is:
I meane the hand, which is the reaſon whie
ſo manie for deuotion thee would kiſſe:
And ſome thy gloue kiſſe, as a thing diuine,
this arrowes quiuer, and this reliques ſhrine.

A cal-

A calculation vpon the birth of an honourable

Ladies daughter, borne in the yeare, 1588. & on a Friday.

Faire by inheritance; whom borne we ſee,
both in the wondrous yeare, and on the day
wherein the faireſt Planet beareth ſway:
the Heauens to thee this fortune doth decree.
Thou of a world of harts in time ſhalt bee
a Monarch great, and with one beauties ray
ſo manie hoaſts of harts thy face ſhall ſlay,
as all the reſt (for loue) ſhall yeeld to thee.
But euen as *Alexander* (when he knew
his Fathers conqueſts) wept, leaſt he ſhould leaue
no Kingdome vnto him for to ſubdue:
ſo ſhall thy Mother thee of praiſe bereaue.
So manie harts alreadie ſhe hath ſlaine,
as few behinde to conquer ſhall remaine.

Vltimo Sonnetto.

Faire Sunne, if you would haue me praiſe your light:
when night approacheth, wherefore doo you flie?
Time is ſo ſhort, Beauties ſo manie bee,
as I haue need to ſee them day and night:
That by continuall view, my verſes might
tell all the beames of your diuinitie;
which praiſe to you, and ioy ſhould be to mee,
you liuing by my verſe, I by your ſight.
I by your ſight, and not you by my verſe:
neede mortall skill immortall praiſe rehearſe?
No, no, though eies were blinde, and verſe were dumb,
your beautie ſhould be ſeene, and your fame knowne.
For by the winde which from my ſighes doo come,
your praiſes round about the world is blowne.